

...THE...
CONVERTED CATHOLIC

EDITED BY REV. JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xxii: 32.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

LIKE many other priests who have come out of the Church of Rome and have tasted the sweetness of the Gospel, the Rev. John H. Hennes is more and more surprised and delighted at the simplicity of the "Good News" that God sent from heaven to every one who will hear and heed it. That good news, the whole Gospel, is contained in John 3:16—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." A child can understand that. God gave; the gift was His to bestow, and it becomes ours if we accept it. Each one of us is "whosoever."

I believe all that, people will say, especially Roman Catholics; but what must I do besides believing? Tell me what to do? asks every priest who has come to us. We answer, First believe and repent, and then, as the Apostle James says, "Be doers of the word, and not hearers only." Peter knew what it was to believe when the Lord asked the disciples, "Whom say ye that I am?" and he answered, "Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God." Paul knew it when he answered the momentous question of

the keeper of the prison, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Almighty God tells us in Isaiah 45:22, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else."

As our Roman Catholic friends fear God so much that they are afraid to approach Him even when invited by His Son, they may listen to the Virgin Mary, whom they never cease to importune about their anxieties and cares, when she declares: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." She, good and blessed woman that she was, believed the word of God as it came to her, and she knew what to do after believing. So will every person who believes in God the Saviour. What glorious promises are held out to the believer! Listen to Isaiah (58:9, and the following verses): "Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am. . . The Lord shall guide thee continually and satisfy thy soul, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."

He Came to Save Sinners.

Our Roman Catholic friends believe in Christ in a general way, but they are afraid of Him, and they will not draw near Him, though He is continually calling them to come to Him. Their fear arises from the fact that they know they are sinners, and they are told by the priests in every sermon that they deserve condemnation. All sinners who do not know that they have a Saviour, or if they have heard of Him and will not come to Him, deserve to be condemned. But God loves the sinner, even when, as Paul says, he is "dead in trespasses and sins." In Romans 5:8, we read: "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." He came to save, not to destroy. When Christ came to His own people as the Messiah, they did not receive Him. "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the children of God, even to them that believe on His name." The word power there means right or privilege. The believer in Christ has a right to a place in the Father's house, whether he be pope or peasant, rich or poor. God is no respecter of persons. He welcomes all who come in the name of Christ. "Ye are all children of God by faith in Jesus Christ" (Gal. 3:26); and St. John says: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God" (1. 3:1).

Bought With a Price.

The priests of Rome who have come to us want a sign that they are saved when they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. They think they must

do something more than merely believe. "Oh, it is easy to believe. If salvation can be had in that way it is very cheap." Is it? What did it cost the Son of God to redeem us, that is, to purchase us? The answer is, "Ye are bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ." The salvation of the soul is not cheap. Jesus Christ died to save us; and before Calvary, He had tasted the bitterness of death in being despised and forsaken of men; He was a tramp who had no home during His ministry—no place whereon to lay His head; He was the man of sorrows—"My soul is sorrowful unto death," He said. Even Peter swore at the mention of His name—"I don't know Him," said he. Who can read the story of the Crucifixion and say salvation is cheap?

Assurance of Salvation.

If people would read and study the New Testament they would have abundant assurance that they are saved. It is full of promises, and He is faithful that promised; He will not deceive those who place their trust in Him. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." If we believe that and are willing to have our sins forgiven and to quit sinning, they are forgiven.

"But I don't feel them running away from me," says our Catholic friend, "as I sometimes thought the priest chased them away when he raised his hand over my head and made the sign of the cross and said, '*Ego te absolvo*,' with many other Latin words. They didn't go very far, if he drove them away, for they soon returned, and I was in the same state as before." The surest indication

that your sins are forgiven if you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ is, not to run after them yourself, but take another course—run the other way, the right way. "Right about face; march!" said D. L. Moody, when first we heard him at the Northfield Conference for Christian workers twenty-two years ago. Quit sinning, cease to do evil; and walk in the new way, the way of righteousness, and you will have the assurance that the peace of God will be yours.

Work Out Your Salvation.

The promise of God is to give salvation to all who receive it by faith in Jesus Christ. You cannot get it by working for it, but by believing and coming to Christ; and as John Bunyan said, believing and coming is the same thing. Then when you believe the Word of God, work out what you have received. Do things in the spirit of Christ. Considering that you are a sinner, dug out of the pit by the grace and mercy of God, you must work out your salvation in fear and trembling; for the pit of temptation is forever yawning to receive you again. But He who called you, who rescued you, "is able to keep you from falling" The priest who has given you absolution could not do that; the poor man is constantly falling into it himself. Neither can saint or angel keep you. Only Almighty God can keep you in the right way, and He will do it, not for your sake, but for the sake of Jesus Christ, His Son.

We speak of working out an idea, working out a plan; but we must have the idea or plan first. So we must have salvation before we can work it out. We cannot obtain it by working for it. "It is the gift of God, not

of works, lest any man should boast," says Paul. We work for wages, for pay, and the laborer is worthy of his hire. But God does not hire us to receive the gift of His love. If He did we could demand our wages; and alas! "the wages of sin is death," and if we say we have no sin, the truth is not in us. So we receive salvation by faith in Christ, the gift of God, and we work it in good deeds. Then, as Paul says again, "We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works; for it is God that worketh in us." Thus the works of Christian believers are the works of God, and they are co-workers with Christ.

Do Things.

The woman in the Gospel that poured the costly ointment on the Lord did a "good work," though she did not confess her sins, "which were many," to the priests or beseech the Virgin Mary or St. Ann or St. Joseph or any other saint to pray for her. She saw Jesus and believed on Him—"Look unto Me, and be ye saved"—and was forgiven all her sins she was saved; and then she did what the purified heart prompted her. And she continued to do good works. She followed Him and served Him, and be assured she told others what He had done for her, and invited them to come to Him and He would also save them. That was hard work for the poor woman, for in the natural order people would turn away from her and not believe in her sincerity. She who had been such a great sinner to become a great saint! Impossible, said the world at large and the priests and pharisees. But she held on her course, she continued to follow Him

and do good, and she was first at the tomb to receive His message from the grave, which was not able to hold Him; and she ran to tell the other believers that the Lord was risen.

A forgiven sinner, a saved soul, must do good works "for faith without works is dead;" and the best Christian work is to tell others the good news of salvation. If the Christian has not the gift of testimony, or the tact to tell it well, so as to win the attention of others, he or she will take part in the work by prayers and gifts and the example of a good life. Our Roman Catholic friends have been doing things—going to mass, going to confession to the priests, praying to the Virgin Mary, visiting St. Ann's shrine, abstaining from meat on Friday, fasting and doing penance—that is making their own atonement for sins; and the priests recite their office—the Breviary—and keep their celibacy as best they can. All these works are done that they may obtain salvation. But the Christians do things acceptable to God because they have obtained salvation, and great is their reward. "I will abide in you," says Christ. "No, no," says the Roman Catholic, "I am not worthy, I am a sinner; and though I have received the priest's absolution and all the rites of the Church, I must go through purgatory before You can abide in me." It is an awful religion, dark and dismal, and it is natural that many candles should be used in its ceremonies to light the way through purgatory.

The Christian Religion.

Some years ago a Protestant lady whose unwary feet had been snared by the wiles of Rome asked us what the Christian religion was. We had

no dictionary at hand or any book of reference, but we replied that it is union with God through Christ. Religio, religare means to bind back, to unite firmly. God has done His part by sending His son to be our Saviour, and we do our part by believing on Him and coming to Him. The work of union is His, if we be willing and obedient. He is seeking us—"He came to seek and to save the lost"—and if we seek Him, He will find us, and the union is established.

No one could rejoice more at having sought the Saviour than the Rev. John H. Hennes, and, thanks be to God, the Saviour has found him. In the quiet of Northfield and under the wise teaching of Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Dr. W. W. White and Robert E. Speer, who have opened to him the Word of Life, he has learned the way of God more perfectly every day during the last month, and he looks forward with joyous anticipation to the conference for Christian workers at Northfield this month, when he will meet many laborers in the Lord's vineyard who will welcome him into fellowship. Mr. Hennes knows now what the Christian religion is. Though he is learned in Roman theology he did not know until he came to Christ's Mission that his sins were forgiven or that he was a child of God. Though a good man, one of the best in the diocese of Cleveland, as Bishop Horstmann testified, he had no peace after confessing his sins to his brother priests and receiving absolution. Now being justified by faith he has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; and he is at peace with all men, even his former friends, because of his prudent course in leaving his parish and withdrawing from the priesthood.

Governor Taft and the Pope.

For the first time in history the United States, a Protestant country, sent a representative to the Pope of Rome, a man without a country, and we are much mistaken if it will not be the last time, for the mission of Governor Taft to the Vatican has failed to accomplish what our Government desired. The instructions given to Governor Taft were clear and straightforward. They can be summed up in one sentence: Let the Vatican authorities recall the friars, and we will give them from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 for their lands as may be agreed on. The lands had been obtained by fraud and violence—stolen from the people whom the friars had outraged in every relation of life. Nevertheless the Government was willing to pay millions to get rid of them, as we paid Spain \$20,000,000 for the Philippine Islands after we had taken them in war and destroyed the Spanish power.

Much has been published in the daily press regarding the mission of Governor Taft, but the plain facts are that the Pope and cardinals said to him in most diplomatic language, "We cannot expel the friars any more than you can, for your Government is bound by the treaty of Paris, which guaranteed protection to the friars. But we will take your money." To which Governor Taft replied in language equally diplomatic, "Thank you for your frankness, gentlemen, but you cannot have the money unless the friars go. Good-day." And he left Rome immediately for Manila, where it is said the negotiations will be resumed. Meantime we can assure our readers on personal knowledge that Governor Taft can be relied on as a true American. The papal agents

here will try to frighten the politicians by their "Federation of Catholic Societies," but Governor Taft cannot be moved. As a matter of fact when many months hence the papal delegate reaches Manila there will be no friars there to expel—they will be sent back to Spain in batches by the shrewd men of the Vatican. The Pope is a great diplomatist. But when he looks at the check tendered him after the new negotiations he will find it is much smaller than what he would have received if he had acted in a straightforward manner.

\$10,000 to Convert Protestants.

The New York *Tribune* July 29, 1902, had the following dispatch from Washington:

"The Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, Secretary of the Catholic Missionary Union, has received a gift of \$10,000 for the establishment of the apostolic mission house, an institution which is to be opened in this city for the training of Roman Catholic priests as missionaries to non-Catholics, and to the newly acquired insular possessions of the United States."

When will the happy day arrive that we can announce that Christ's Mission has received \$10,000 for the work of converting the Roman Catholics and saving Protestants from the snares of Rome? Even one thousand dollars for this work would be a good investment. We have not the money raising or money making capacity of the Paulist Fathers, but we have faith in God, and love for this work, and our readers have the money. It is for them to say whether the work of Christ's Mission shall be enlarged and extended. The days and the years are going by, and we are all anxious to work while it is day.



REV. JOHN H. HENNES,

Pastor of St. Clement's Roman Catholic Church, Navarre, Ohio,
until June 22, 1902, when he publicly resigned his
charge and came to Christ's Mission,
New York.

WORK OF CHRIST'S MISSION.

A few friends sent contributions last month in support of Christ's Mission and to send **THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC** to priests and other Roman Catholics who would read it. But what was received was not sufficient for the purpose, though we sincerely thank the good friends who have come to our aid.

Will not other friends, all who are interested in the work, help a little? It is the dull midsummer season, when many persons are out of the city and numbers of pastors have gone with their flocks, but the work of Christ's Mission goes on and the expenses continue. During last month the services in the chapel were held regularly, and there was a good congregation Sunday evening, July 27, when Pastor O'Connor preached. In the morning of the same day he also preached in the Morningside Presbyterian Church, this city.

Priests Leaving Rome.

We receive many letters from priests, besides the visits of those who call at Christ's Mission; and we cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that all such communications and visits are received in confidence. No name is mentioned, no clue to the identity of the priest is given, until he wishes to speak for himself and declare what God has done for him in liberating him from the awful yoke of bondage that the Church of Rome had imposed on him. Many priests do not desire publicity when leaving the Roman Church, and their wishes are respected, and they are helped to the new and better life with as good will as those who declare what

had been done to transform them into new creatures in Christ Jesus. But, of course, more joy comes to us from the latter, for we believe everyone should testify to the goodness and mercy of God in bringing them out of darkness into light.

The best course for priests to pursue when their faith in Romanism is shaken and they cannot find happiness or rest in their official duties and surroundings, is to communicate with Christ's Mission. We commend to their consideration the example of Mr. Hennes.

HOW MR. HENNES PROCEEDED.

As related by himself in the July **CONVERTED CATHOLIC**, the Rev. John H. Hennes was pastor of St. Clement's Roman Catholic Church, Navarre, Ohio, when he received a copy of **THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC** from a woman who attended to the decoration of the altar in the church. The title of the Magazine gained her attention, and after reading it she handed it to Father Hennes. He read every word of it, and that evening he wrote to the office for more copies. They were sent to him, without any knowledge that he was a priest, as such requests are received every day. After reading them he sent a dollar as his subscription and in his letter he said:

"I am a Catholic priest, pastor of the church here, and I am intensely interested in what I have read in **THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC**. I have many questions to ask you. Could you grant me an interview if I should go to New York? I can get a vacation for a few weeks,

and I wish to consult you personally about the present and the future."

We replied immediately that it would be a great pleasure to welcome him to Christ's Mission, and to come on as soon as he could.

That was in May, and in the latter part of that month he arrived in New York. After a long conference, we had prayer together in the chapel of Christ's Mission, and as he rose from his knees a new light beamed from his open, honest face.

Acting on our advice, he returned to Navarre to wind up his affairs—he has a large and valuable library in various languages—and on June 22 he bade farewell to his congregation and next day sent his resignation to Bishop Horstmann, of Cleveland, in which diocese Navarre is situated. The parting with his people was heart-breaking, but as he said in his address, at the services in Christ's Mission on June 29, the Lord God, in whose name all had been done, gave him strength to do what his conscience told him was right. He left everything in perfect order in his parish. The church and parsonage were in excellent condition. A sigh of regret escaped him as he walked out of the fine house that had been his comfortable home for several years; but he had heard the voice of God in his soul, "Come out of her, My people," and he obeyed it.

SACRIFICE AND COMPENSATION.

The world thinks that Mr. Hennes made a great sacrifice in thus honorably and openly leaving his parish and giving up a position of distinction and respectability, and from its point of view the world is right. There is

no man in any community more respected than a Roman Catholic priest who respects himself. Public men know that he exercises great influence over his parishioners, far more than the pastor of any Protestant Church over his congregation, and they respect and fear him. A politician is not disturbed by the opposition of a Protestant minister, but he shrinks from offending a Roman Catholic priest, for the commendation of the latter powerfully influences the credulous in his congregation, and they are a large majority in every Roman Catholic church. Business men respect the priest, for he is lord and master over a large number of their employees; and in private life the mistress of a large household wishes to be on good terms with the "Father" to whom Mary and Bridget confess their sins, and whom they almost worship.

"Speak to your mistresses," said the Paulist Fathers to the servant girls in their congregation, "and see that the claims of our Church receive due consideration at their hands."

The priest who leaves the Roman Catholic Church brings sorrow and pain to the hearts of his parents and kindred, and the loss of his mother's love causes him more anguish than the deprivation of luxuries or the forfeiture of a recognized position of respectability. Nothing can compensate him for such a sacrifice but the consciousness of fulfilling a sacred duty. With the loss of faith in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and distaste and disgust for its superstitious practices—and there are few intelligent priests who believe in the medieval tenets of Rome—a life of hypocrisy stares the

priest in the face, and though by confessions to his brother priests he seeks to quiet his conscience, yet he realizes that he is in a false position, from which he eagerly desires to escape. When the way opens for him, as it did for Mr. Hennes and scores of other priests who have come to Christ's Mission, he considers not the sacrifices he makes in leaving, but the happiness that awaits him in an honest upright life; and when he accepts the truths of the Christian religion without any Roman alloy, and learns that a loving Saviour is calling him to His service, the sacrifice becomes a blessing. It ill becomes a Christian to speak of the sacrifice of earthly things when the Sacrifice of Calvary is remembered.

Mr. Hennes's case is in many respects like that of the Rev. A. H. Lambert, the Redemptorist priest who came to Christ's Mission in 1894 while with three other "Fathers" he was conducting a Mission in the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Brooklyn. As our readers know, Mr. Lambert is now a successful missionary in Porto Rico, where another converted priest, Rev. Manuel Ferrando, who came to Christ's Mission in 1895, is also laboring. Indeed, there is much similarity in the manner in which the priests who have come to the Mission have found peace and rest for their souls. Not all of them have chosen to be religious teachers; some are physicians like Dr. Paul Pollach and Dr. Tito, and others are teachers and business men. But all are doing well and are happy in the liberty of the Gospel. It is characteristic of all these converted priests that they do not revile their former brethren or heed the Jesuits' slanders.

LETTER TO A FORMER PARISH-IONER AND FRIEND.

BY REV. JOHN H. HENNES.

My Dear Friend:—Your letter, in which you express your sympathy and pity for me in such kind, touching and heartfelt words, has reached me and has impressed me very deeply.

Whilst I appreciate very highly your kind feeling towards me, and your sympathy for me in regard to my *supposed* misfortune in leaving the Church of Rome, I ask you to allow me to kindly, but emphatically deny that I am to be pitied, and to state that I am rather to be congratulated by every sincere lover of the truth.

When Abraham Lincoln made the negroes free and independent citizens of this free and glorious land of liberty, I pray you, were those negroes to be pitied or to be congratulated?

Now, what Lincoln did for the negroes, that and much more and in a much higher sense, Christ has done for me; he has freed me, not from bodily, but from spiritual slavery, *i. e.*, from the worst slavery that ever afflicted the human race. Am I, then, to be pitied or to be congratulated?

Christ had come into the world to make us free; but the Church of Rome has enslaved, and thereby rendered unhappy, millions of people for many centuries.

There is not a particle of doubt then that the Church of Rome is not the Church of Christ. Sound reason and a bit of common sense must compel me and you and every honest

man to say this; for that Church does not do the work of Christ. The Roman Church, therefore, can only be the work of men who imposed upon our credulity, to reduce us to mental and spiritual slavery.

You understand now, why I left that Church and why I must condemn a system which had made me a slave mentally and spiritually.

But understand what I say! I do not condemn Catholics, but I do pity them and I pray that God may enlighten them and lead them out of slavery into the freedom of the Gospel. I know that many of them, like yourself, are good, pious and God-fearing people. What I condemn is the Roman system, which, under the name of the Only True Religion, has made slaves of millions of good people, and has rendered them unhappy for time and eternity.

Through the mercy of God I have been able to free myself from that pernicious system, and have found that freedom of mind and soul, which Christ has secured for us by the price of His blood.

"Veritas liberabit vos," said Christ to His disciples, "the truth shall make you free." I have been searching for the truth for many years and not finding it, where I supposed it to be, in the Roman Catholic Church, I have left that Church and have now found the truth in the teachings of the Bible. I had seen a glimpse of the truth in the Roman Catholic Church, but not the whole truth! But now, thanks be to God, I know Him who is the way, the truth and the life, as my Saviour, and He has blessed me. According to Protestant teaching, he belongs to the

Church, *i. e.*, the true Church, who belongs to Christ.

In other words, if you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and accept His sacrifice, you belong to Him, and no pope, bishop or priest can snatch you away from Him. The greatest illusion which any man could entertain would be to imagine that he could excommunicate another man from the Kingdom of God. But that is precisely what popes and bishops do. Do not fear them; they cannot take you away from your Saviour after you have given yourself entirely to Him. Yes, come to Him with childlike confidence, and say to Him:

I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus.
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

That is one of the new hymns that I have learned in the new life upon which I have entered.

Yours truly,

JOHN H. HENNES.

Testimony for Christ.

It is twenty-two years since the editor of this magazine met the Saviour face to face in the fulness of His love at Northfield, Mass., where D. L. Moody had invited Christian workers for conference. In succeeding years we took many priests there, and they were all blessed. Some were learned men who had been professors in colleges and had written historical works, and they were helped in the development of the spiritual life by such masters in Israel as Drs. A. J. Gordon, Arthur T. Pier-son, George F. Pentecost and George C. Needham, as we were. But one and all united in saying that Mr. Moody was more helpful to them than any other teacher, as he was to us.

Though Mr. Moody is gone, the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan is there this year, and so is Dr. W. W. White, and knowing that Mr. Hennes would be benefited by their teaching we took him to Northfield last month. What he has experienced there and since he came to Christ's Mission is told in the following letter, which was read at the service in Christ's Mission July 27.

LETTER FROM MR. HENNES.

East Northfield, Mass., July 25, 1902.

Dear Friend:—Before writing to you I had to get acquainted with my new surroundings and with people generally, that I might be able to tell you of the impressions received here. I am happy to inform you now that I thank God for having come to Northfield, for I have received great enlightenment, and all my doubts and difficulties, which naturally arose after leaving the Church of Rome, have

vanished, and peace of mind and heart have taken their place.

I have found Jesus, for whom I had been looking, and whom I had been seeking for so many years. And He has found me. And with Him and in Him I have found the truth, all the truth, and nothing but the truth.

I understand now that all the work of my past life has been in vain—that I could not save myself, that Jesus has saved me, that He has paid the penalty, the price for my sins, that I have only to believe in Him with all my heart and accept His sacrifice to be saved; saved, not by my own works, but by His work, His life, His death for me. Thanks be to God! This, my dear friend, is the reason I feel happy. I am a new man. Life now seems to me to be worth living. Life has a new meaning for me now. My ideals are realized. I have learned not only to believe in Christ and to accept Him as my Saviour, but to surrender myself entirely to Him, to make Him the King of my heart, my Lord and Master. The more completely I give myself to Him the happier I shall become from day to day.

I have lost my friends, my money, my position in the Roman Church, but—oh, the happy thought—I have found more than all these things—I have found Jesus. He is mine and I am His. Jesus is God. God is love. Love gives. Great love gives great gifts. Infinite love brings infinite gifts. I am the happy recipient of the infinite gift of an infinite love! What is the gift? God did not spare His own Son, but delivered Him up for me. That is the infinite gift—the realization of all ideals that move the human heart.

I have been greatly aided in my search after truth by those great men of God, who, from day to day in this hallowed place, deliver God's message to men. But after all they are only the external aids. It is the Spirit of God who speaks to the interior man and teaches him the meaning of the word of God.

It is this Spirit whom I have heard here during the quiet hours of prayer and meditation. He has spoken to me in such clear and unmistakable language about Christ and the truth of His Gospel, that I have entirely forgotten all about my former life and my connection with Rome. It is all vanished like a dream. But my ideal remains, Christ! Nothing can make me forget Him and no man can take Him from me!

My letter is too long, but I could not help telling you what was in my heart. Continue to pray for me.

Gratefully and sincerely yours,

JOHN H. HENNES.

Departed Friends.

DR. S. L. BALDWIN.

A most lovable minister of the Gospel and a dear friend was called home to God when the Rev. Stephen L. Baldwin, D.D., departed last month. For twenty years he had been recording secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this city. Before assuming that office Dr. Baldwin had been for twenty years a missionary in China, where he had taken a leading part in translating the Bible into Chinese, and where he was frequently sought as an adviser on international questions by the United States Government and had the confi-

dence of the highest Chinese officials. Dr. Baldwin was born in Somerville, N. J., in 1835, and died of typhoid fever in Brooklyn, July 28. He was such a lovable man, so genial in manner and ever ready to do a kindness, that he did not look his years.

Dr. Paul Pollach, of Chicago, will regret the departure of Dr. Baldwin, for it was he who directed Father Pollach, as he was then, to Christ's Mission in 1893, when he desired to leave the Roman Catholic Church and renounce the priesthood. Dr. Pollach had been a missionary apostolic of the Roman Propaganda in China for six years, and he would have been made a bishop if he had remained there another year. But he had lost faith in the Roman Church and withdrew from it.

In Dr. Baldwin we have not only lost a personal friend, but Christ's Mission and many of the priests who have come to it have lost a wise and sympathetic counselor.

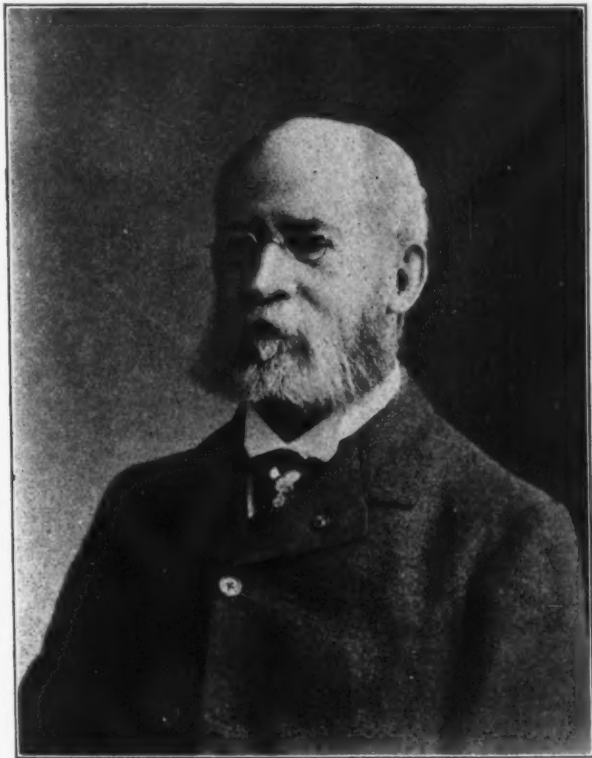
GENERAL T. J. MORGAN.

A typical American Christian gentleman departed from the active scenes of this life when General Thomas J. Morgan heard the call to come up higher last month. He was distinguished as an educator, a soldier during the Civil War, a minister of Christ and the secretary of the Baptist Home Missionary Society.

As Indian Commissioner in President Harrison's administration, General Morgan led the fight against the Roman Catholic contract schools, and in their place he established Government schools for the education of the Indians. The defeat of General Harrison for re-election in 1892 was attributed by General Morgan to the

support the President had given him in his fight with Rome. But the course they had advocated triumphed, and the Roman Church lost \$300,000 a year of Government money. General Morgan deserved well of his country. He was a devout minister

members. All replied in the affirmative, some saying they had thirty members who had formerly been Roman Catholics, some forty, and one pastor said nearly half the members of his church had come out of Rome. We published the statements



GENERAL THOMAS J. MORGAN.

of the Gospel. Two years ago when Archbishop Ireland said that all Catholics who had renounced Romanism had lost faith in Christianity, General Morgan sent a circular to fifty pastors of Baptist churches in different cities inquiring if there were any converted Catholics among their

of those pastors in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC at the time. It was also stated that there is scarcely a Protestant church in the United States where converted Catholics are not among the best, the most spiritual members. General Morgan was a great and good man, and his departure is a loss to the whole country.

French Premier an Ex-Priest.

UNDER this heading the New York *Sun* of June 26 reprinted the following article from London *Truth*, the editor of which is the well-known Henry Labouchere, a Radical member of Parliament, whose knowledge of men and affairs is recognized by everybody. Like the New York *Sun*, Mr. Labouchere is a friend of Rome whenever he can say a good word for that religious system, and he is the sworn foe of all ex-priests. But he is a skilled journalist who has a nose for news, and is very accurate in his statements.

(From *London Truth*.)

"Once a priest always a priest," according to the canon law. If so, the French Republic has for the first time a priest at the head of the Government as Prime Minister.

"The Premier set out in life as the Abbé Combes, but soon threw aside the soutane, or priestly gown. After being a doctor of theology he became an M.D., and had the good luck to be, as Republican Mayor of a Commune, where he practiced in the Charente Inférieure, persecuted by MacMahon's 'Moral Order' Government. By rapidly successive efforts of universal suffrage he, in consequence, became again Mayor, County Councilor and Senator.

"He is now, though but 67, among the senior of the elected members of the Senate, where he soon took a leading place as a useful member. In no haste to shine as a speaker, he distinguished himself as a hard-working member of special committees, and then as a reporter on bills. He speaks remarkably well, and always out of knowledge of the subject with which he has to deal. By his

application to business this little man—he is a hop-o'-my-thumb—puts to shame his big colleagues.

"M. Combes is a good writer, and has considerably added to his income by furnishing articles on physiological subjects to the papers, and on physiological and historical subjects to the reviews. He distinguished himself by a work on 'La Psychologie de Saint Thomas d'Aquin, the great Catholic doctor of theology and casuistry. He also dissected the soul of St. Theresa, and went into the causes of 'l'infériorité des races royales,' physical and mental. He demonstrated his thesis in this instance with a crowd of examples. As an M.D. he never lost literary style, which he cultivated in youth as professor of history at the School (or College) of the Assumption at Nîmes. His literary style has derived body from medical studies. M. Combes had a very large provincial practice before he betook himself to legislation as a Senator. As a doctor in hot haste to render assistance to his many patients, he acquired his peculiar way of running when he walks.

"The breath of scandal has never touched this ex-priest, who is a true philosopher. He has known how to bide his time, how to be thoroughly useful in his sphere and has found too much enjoyment in activity to care for wealth. His quarter's salary, what money he can make with his pen, and a small independent income, amply suffice for his wants."

A few days after this appeared in the *Sun*, the Rev. A. P. Doyle, the Paulist, wrote a letter to that paper saying he had been informed that Premier Combes was not an ex-priest

but an ex-abbé. As the word has the same significance in the Roman Catholic Church in France that "Father" has in English-speaking countries, and is applied only to Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, Mr. Doyle—beg pardon, "Father" Doyle, for such the Paulist insists that he be styled—is straining at a gnat when he swallows the camel of an ex-priest now governing a Catholic country like France. Of course, he will say that France is no longer a Catholic country, when an apostate priest—again, we beg pardon; we should say abbé—is prime minister of the nation, the foremost man in the government. Father Doyle should have written to the London paper, or to Mr. Combes, himself; but he would not expose himself to the ridicule of Mr. Labouchere and the scathing rebuke of that journalistic Thersites, and he knows Mr. Combes would throw his letter in the waste-basket. He gains his point, however, by confusing the issue and throwing dust in the eyes of the American people by having his letter published in the *Sum*. How long or how much Mr. Combes officiated as a priest is immaterial; he has renounced the faith of Rome, and that should condemn him as much in Doyle's eyes as being an ex-priest.

That Mr. Combes is as determined an opponent of the Roman Catholic Church as any ex-priest could be is apparent from the following dispatch:

Paris, July 4.—An interpellation was made in the Chamber of Deputies to-day concerning the application by the government of the Law of Associations by the recent closing of schools, etc., which were man-

aged by unauthorized congregations.

Premier Combes replied that the Government had decided not to permit any invasion of the Law of Associations; that it was determined to break down all resistance in religious affairs, and that it had decided to carry out the spirit of the French Revolution. "We have firmly resolved," said the Premier, "to assure the supremacy of civil society over monastic obedience."

A later dispatch said there was a violent debate on the enforcement of the law against the religious orders, but M. Combes was firm in his determination that they should be suppressed, and he was sustained by a large majority of the members of the Chamber.

When Father Doyle learns that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the President of Columbia University, is a grandson of the late Rev. Nicholas Murray, D.D., the famous "Kirwan," he will write to the papers to say that he was never a Roman Catholic. Poor Doyle has hard work to keep up with the times when so many converted Catholics and their descendants are becoming distinguished. He ought to join the procession himself, for he likes to be considered a "liberal" Catholic. But he has too much fun in fooling Protestants by his "Mission to non-Catholics" to leave the Society of the Paulists. Only a few Protestants have been caught in his net, and many of these after some experience of Romanism return to the faith of their fathers.

Christ's Mission Work.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to Christ's Mission, organized in the City of New York, the sum of \$..... to be applied to the uses and purposes of said Mission.

All communications can be addressed to James A. O'Connor, Secretary of the Board of Trustees, at the Mission House, 142 West Twenty-first St., New York.

WORK IN PORTO RICO.

LAST month we sent thirty dollars to Rev. A. H. Lambert for his orphanage in Arecibo, Porto Rico. In acknowledging this gift from the friends of Christ's Mission Brother Lambert said:

"Dear Brother O'Connor:—Kindly allow me to use THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC to express my best thanks to all its readers who have shown their interest in the Arecibo Orphanage, while I thank you also. I should have written sooner, but I have been a sufferer from fever and sore throat, with symptoms of the grippe, and I am not yet up to my usual state of health.

"The thirty dollars you sent me came at the right moment, for the gift was greatly needed. It is not an easy work to conduct an orphanage without a regular income.

"As we are now completing another half year I have gone through the membership in my circuit, and I find that Calvary Church (the mother church in Arecibo) has 172 members and probationers; Trinity Church in Hato Viejo, 52; Utado, 35; Camuy, 24; Dominguito, 33; Aibonito, 23; Hatillo, 3, and Habra Honda, 5; total, 345. All except three of these were formerly Roman Catholics.

"I send you a clipping from the San Juan *News* of June 25. The Roman Church is insatiable here. I hope the United States Congress will not pass such a bill. But one never knows what politicians who court the favor of mitred prelates and the Pope will do.

Sincerely yours,

"A. H. LAMBERT."

The clipping from the San Juan *News* referred to by Brother Lambert is as follows: .

New York, June 24.—Congress will not take up at this session the question of the disposal of the property in Porto Rico which is claimed by the Catholic Church.

The matter was simply presented and has been postponed until December by unanimous consent.

It is fully admitted in Washington and among Congressmen that some disposition by Congress is necessary to settle the title to the large amount of property in the island formerly held by the government, but used exclusively for church purposes.

This same question is also before Congress in connection with the Philippines, and Governor Taft has gone to consult with the Pope concerning it. As the Philippine church property question must go over to the next session, so it was thought best that the same problem in Porto Rico would be taken up at that time.

Bishop Blenk, the high Roman Catholic official in Porto Rico, has been in Washington lobbying in the interest of his Church, but though he has been loud in his praise of President Roosevelt and the administration, he has not succeeded in bulldozing or flattering any considerable number of Congressmen. If he could get Archbishop Ireland to interest himself in church affairs in Porto Rico his prospects would be brighter. But Ireland's failure to get the Vatican to accept our Government's terms regarding the friars and the church lands in the Philippines has caused President Roosevelt to suspect that the Archbishop of St. Paul has not as much influence at Rome as he would have the world believe. The truth is, the curia distrusts Ireland. He will never be a cardinal.

We hope the friends of Christ's Mission will continue their interest in Brother Lambert's good work and help him to bear the burden of maintaining the Arecibo Orphanage.

FATHER O'CONNOR'S LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.

SIXTH SERIES.

VI.

NEW YORK, August, 1902.

Sir—Last month the people of this city witnessed a spectacle that if observed in a heathen land would be called idolatry by Christians. Thousands of Roman Catholics assembled in the French-Canadian church and in the streets to pay their devotions to a bit of bone and to statues and pictures. The bone is supposed to be a part of the wrist of a person called St. Ann. She is said to have been the mother of the Virgin Mary, and as the latter is declared by your Church to be the mother of God, there has been some curiosity as to the relation of the lady of the bone to God, and why people pay their devotions to her, I will not say worship her, for that would offend some persons in your Church, and I do not wish to say or write anything that would be offensive or in bad taste.

The wrist bone of St. Ann has been enshrined in this little church on East Seventy-sixth street for nine or ten years, and as I am naturally interested in all things that relate to your Church I went to see it when it was first exhibited. I went to see it again the latter part of last June, accompanied by the Rev. John H. Hennes, the priest who on my advice resigned his charge as pastor of the Roman Catholic church in Navarre, Ohio, on June 22, and came to me "to learn the way of God more perfectly," as he said in his declaration of emancipation from the bondage of the Roman Church. Before I tell you what Mr. Hennes and I observed during our visit I must relate my experience during my first visit. The papers had published long articles about the relic, and great crowds had gone to see it. In company with a Presbyterian elder I went to the church, and as we fell into line with the crowd that approached the altar where the priest sat with the relic in his hand I noticed that the people were from the humbler walks of life. Though their faces were dull and they evidently lacked intelligence, there was a certain eagerness in their manner as if they expected something. I asked one man by my side what he expected, and he said he had been troubled with rheumatism for a long time and he hoped St. Ann would cure him.

"I haven't been able to attend to my work regularly of late," said he, "and if the saint will cure me I'll be very much obliged to her."

"Who is the saint?" I asked, as we walked up the aisle.

"I don't know much about her," he replied, "but the priests say she was the mother of God—I mean the mother of the Blessed Virgin, and sure I suppose that's the same thing. But the priests will tell you all about it, sir, and I hope you will pray for me that I might be cured."

I expressed my good wishes for his recovery as he limped ahead of me and knelt down at the altar railing and kissed the glass case which covered the relic and which the priest held in his hand. The man put some money

in a box at the priest's side, on which was a printed card—"Put ten cents in the box and light a candle." The candles were on a table a few feet away.

Then my turn came, and I stood before the priest, who was seated inside the altar railing dressed in a cassock and surplice. As I did not kneel he looked sharply at me, and then held up the relic for me to kiss. This I declined to do, but I nodded at the case, and pointing my finger at the thing inside asked, "What is that, please?"

He gave me another sharp look, and replied, "That is a part of the wrist bone of St. Ann." Then this conversation followed:

"Oh, indeed. Thank you. But who was St. Ann?"

"She was the mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

"Yes; and pray, who was the Virgin Mary?"

"Why, she was the mother of God."

"Oh, yes, thank you. Where did you get the relic?"

"It came from Rome, and was cut from the arm of St. Ann that is in a Franciscan monastery there."

"Thank you. And you are sure it is St. Ann?"

"Oh, yes, you can see the seals attached to the Pope's signature on the writing that accompanies it. That shows it is genuine and has the Pope's indorsement."

"Yes, I suppose so, thank you; **what** the Pope says must be true, since I have heard that he is infallible."

Again the priest looked sharply at me, and my Presbyterian friend, who was at my side, became a little nervous. Our conversation proceeded:

"Pardon me, but I am much interested. Let me see if I understand. The relic, that is, St. Ann, was the mother of the Virgin Mary, and the latter was the mother of God; what then was the relation of St. Ann to God?"

He did not comprehend my question, and I repeated it: "If St. Ann was the mother of the Virgin Mary, and the Virgin Mary was the mother of God, what was the relationship between St. Ann and God?"

"Why," said he, as if surprised at my ignorance, "she was His grandmother."

"Oh! His grandmother—the grandmother of God?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said the priest, "St. Ann was the grandmother of God because she was the mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who was the mother of God."

"That's genealogical logic," said I. "If your premises are sound your conclusion is correct. Of course, if God had a mother He must have had a grandmother."

There must have been a little scorn in the tone of my voice as I said this, for the priest looked at me again, and the elder gave me a little nudge to keep quiet.

"Pardon me," I said to the priest again, as I put my hand under his—the one that held the relic—and lifted it a little higher—"may I look at the relic a little closer?"

He assented, and for the third time I asked him, as I pointed with my

finger at the thing—"Do you mean to say that lady is the grandmother of God?"

"Yes," he replied, "she is God's grandmother."

Looking intently at the bit of bone in the case I said, "That doesn't seem to be human flesh. I studied medicine, and that looks like a chicken bone. I venture to say it is a chicken bone. Some one has palmed it off on you——" Before I could proceed further he withdrew his hand from mine and held the relic in front of his breast. I had been gradually squeezing my hand around his, with a gentle pressure, when he abruptly closed the interview by drawing away his hand and looking over my shoulder at the crowd behind me. I glanced back also and saw a long line of people waiting their turn—shall I say, to adore the relic or to kiss the wrist bone of the grandmother of God?

As I have said, Cardinal, I do not wish to be offensive, and where no offense is meant none should be taken. But I do not know any other word that expresses the attitude of the people as they knelt at the altar rail and bowed before that which the priest held in his hand and devoutly kissed it. They made offering of the heart's desire to it, and they paid their money as a guarantee of good faith.

I drew a little to the side of the main aisle and observed the people as they knelt before the relic. They went through the proceeding at the rate of about one hundred a minute, as there was a large crowd present, and I felt that I had somewhat interfered with the priest's business while I held my colloquy with him. I turned to my Presbyterian friend and said as much. But he only shook his head and whispered to me to come away or we would get into trouble. I told him to keep quiet or he would get into trouble. As long as he behaved himself I would protect him. He smiled at this and said it was I who would get into trouble. "Not at all," I said, "every one who conducts himself properly is welcome to visit St. Ann. Don't you see she keeps open house, and as the grandmother of God she must be a courteous lady."

The priest evidently heard me, for his face flushed up and he cast an angry look in our direction. I made him a bow and we left the church.

That evening I went again to the church, when the crowd was much larger, and Father Tetreau, the pastor, again assured me that St. Ann was the grandmother of God. To my inquiry as to the history of St. Ann and the preservation of her body, he said it had been lost for a period of 700 years, but it was miraculously discovered and taken to Rome, where it was distributed to various churches. Parts of the body were now to be found in different countries, and only one arm remained in Rome. That was in the possession of the monks of the Franciscan order, and it was only through the solicitation of the Pope that they could be induced to permit a small portion of the wrist bone to be brought to America. There was no other relic like it in this country, and Father Tetreau was a proud and happy man that he was the possessor of the only piece of St. Ann's body to be found in the Western hemisphere. One hundred thousands persons visited his church to venerate the relic, and in three months he made \$50,000 by the exhibition.

It was visited by the late Archbishop Corrigan and hundreds of Tammany Hall politicians, whose names were duly published in the papers.

The Sunday after my visit to the relic I preached on the subject to a large congregation in the chapel of our Christ's Mission, and as the papers gave a long report of the sermon, it was said afterward that I gave it the biggest kind of an advertisement. I related my experience with the priest substantially as it is told here, and at the close I said that there would soon be many other relics on exhibition in New York and other cities, as it had proved a gold mine to Father Tetreau's church.

Second Visit to St. Ann.

My second visit to the little French church was in company with the Rev. Mr. Hennes last June. He had renounced the doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome only a few days before, and his letter of resignation from the pastorate of the Roman Catholic Church in Navarre, O., had been received by Dr. Horstmann, the Bishop of Cleveland, while the members of his congregation were still lamenting his departure from them. I did not take him to see St. Ann as an object lesson in Roman Catholic superstition, but I had a sick call to attend in East Seventy-sixth street, in the vicinity of the church, and as we were passing I suggested that we should visit the relic. I would like to tell you about that sick call, Cardinal, for the poor sufferer was a monk of the Franciscan Order, who had attended our evangelistic meetings in Christ's Mission and had delivered an address at the service the previous Sunday, in which he expressed his happiness at being delivered from the superstitions of your Church and his joy in the communion and fellowship of God's people in the religion of Christ. He is a young man, well informed on many subjects, and wiser than many priests who have no other profession than saying mass, delivering souls from purgatory and giving absolution for sins. This Franciscan, while a member of the Order, had prepared himself for the position of a teacher, and having passed the examinations he obtained his certificate, which enables him to obtain a position in the public schools. As he is studious, and is a young man of excellent character, he will become a professor in some college by and by. He thanks God for Christ's Mission, that succored him in his loneliness when he could not open his heart to any one in this great city, and above all for the knowledge of Christ the Saviour that is now his portion. But as this letter concerns St. Ann I must stick to my subject.

When Mr. Hennes and I visited the Canadian church we found it in charge of the "Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament," a new religious order that makes the adoration and exposition of the "Blessed Sacrament," that is, the consecrated host, a specialty, Father Tetreau, who had imported the wrist bone of St. Ann, had retired from the pastorate with a large fortune, and these "holy fathers" had come from Canada to take charge of the relic and make more money out of poor St. Ann.

We found the church beautifully decorated, and were told that Miss Annie Leary, whom the Pope recently made a "Countess," had paid for all

the gold and silver ornaments that adorned the altars. But the people who came to visit the "Blessed Sacrament" and St. Ann were expected to pay liberally for beholding all this splendor, for at the doors, by the altar rail, at the confessionals, in every nook and corner there were money boxes with cards attached, with the inscription, "Put 10 cents in the box; St. Ann will answer your prayer," "For the Souls in Purgatory," "For a Novena to St. Ann," "For St. Anthony's Bread," etc. Affixed to a bronze statue of St. Ann was the card:

"FOR A NOVENA AND THE SAINT'S PRAYERS FOR NINE DAYS.....50 CENTS."

"FOR A NOVENA AND THE SAINT'S PRAYERS ONE MONTH.....\$1.00."

"FOR A NOVENA AND THE SAINT'S PRAYERS ONE YEAR.....\$10.00."

A young woman who was entering the church told me the prayers of the suppliants to St. Ann would be surely answered if the request were placed under the feet of the statue when the money was put in the box.

"Well," said Mr. Hennes, "if I wanted any other reason for leaving the Roman Catholic Church and resigning from the priesthood, it is afforded me in this spectacle. It is idolatry, it is blasphemy against God, and a crime against humanity that is here enacted. Those priests should be arrested and punished for obtaining money under false pretenses. It is scandalous in the extreme."

I told him my pity was for the poor people who were deluded in this manner. They earnestly and honestly wished to worship God if they knew how, and those who worship God in spirit and in truth will not be held blameless for leaving them in ignorance. In no heathen land in the whole world is there more shameless idolatry than can be seen in that little French Canadian church. And this idolatry is indorsed by you, Cardinal, and other high priests of Rome who profit by the credulity of the people and by the supineness of Protestants, whose zeal for the conversion of the Hindoos, Chinese, Japanese, Africans and other heathens is apparent, but who have neither time nor money to bestow for the conversion of Papists from the idolatry of the Paganism of Rome. Let any Christian visit this church and see what transpires there and observe the people in crowds praying before the statues adorned with gold and precious stones, some made of wood and some of bronze and of silver, with lighted tapers all around the church, and then read the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, and I venture to say the exclamation will come to the lips of every one who loves the Lord: "That is idolatry." Listen to Isaiah:

They that make a graven image are all of them vanity.

Who hath formed a god or molten a graven image that is profitable for nothing?

Behold, all his fellows shall be ashamed; and the workmen, they are of men.

The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals, and fashioneth with hammers, and worketh it with the strength of his arms.

The carpenter stretcheth out his rule; he marketh out with a line; he fitteth it with planes and he marketh it out with a compass and maketh it

after the figure of a man, according to the beauty of a man, that it may remain in the house.

He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the cypress and the oak; he planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it.

Then shall it be for a man to burn; for he will take thereof and warm himself; yea, he kindleth it, and baketh bread; yea, he maketh a god, and worshipeth it; he maketh it a graven image, and falleth down thereto.

He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he heateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire.

And the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image; he falleth down unto it, and worshipeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me.

They have not known nor understood, for he hath shut their eyes, that they cannot see; and their hearts that they cannot understand.

And none considereth in his heart, neither is there knowledge nor understanding to say, I have burned part of it in the fire; yea, also I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh and eaten it; and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? Shall I fall down to the stock of a tree?

He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?

It is not an agreeable duty for me to call attention to this true picture of idolatry and the practices of the Roman Catholic Church in the devotions it commends to the people; nor is it a pleasant thought to remember that I was subject to such delusions myself as a youth and as a priest. But listen, Cardinal, to what the prophet says in the next verse after the last quoted:

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee."

Oh, that the Roman Catholics would learn the truth of that. As the Lord God declared it to Israel, so does He announce the good news to all mankind, that whosoever will, may come unto Him, and in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, receive the assurance that as a cloud is blotted out by the sun so our transgressions are blotted out by the Sacrifice that was offered on Calvary once for all. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

I have made this letter too long, Cardinal, but I hope it will be read by many who will see the deplorable condition of the people, even in this city, who have been deluded by the Roman Church. The shrine of St. Ann is a fraud that should be exposed, and the people who are the victims of this deception should be evangelized. They should be told not only of the tricks of the priests in imposing upon their credulity and good nature, but the Gospel should be preached to them. That Gospel makes salvation free for all, though it cost the price of the awful tragedy of Calvary. My heart's desire for these people from whom I have come is that they should be saved; and if they come to Jesus and believe and trust in Him, without looking to St. Ann or to you or the Pope and the priests they will be accepted of God.

Yours truly,

JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

Rome's Losses.

The New York *Sun*, a great metropolitan daily that always has a good word for the Roman Catholic Church, and sometimes criticises evangelical churches, in its issue of July 9, reprinted the following article from the Baltimore *Morning Herald*, under the heading, "Roman Catholicism in this Country," and sub-head, "Said by an Ecclesiastic not to be Keeping Pace with Catholic Immigration":

Recent events in Roman Catholic circles tend to hasten the call of the Fourth Plenary Council of the United States. On the occasion of the ordination of a colored man to the priesthood, the Rev. J. R. Slattery, D.D., superior of St. Joseph's Seminary, this city, called attention to the fact that Roman Catholicism is losing ground in this country. The following is the table upon which his assertions are based: 10,976,757 Catholic population, according to the Catholic Directory, 1902; 8,301,367 for the year 1890; 2,675,390 increment of Catholic population in twelve years; 3,705,184 Roman Catholic immigration 1890 to 1902.

From the above figures it is apparent that the loss of membership of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is greater than the large total of strictly Catholic immigrants.

At a gathering of influential clergymen and laymen held in Washington yesterday, it was suggested that the Board of Archbishops, which meets next October at the Catholic University, be memorialized to use its authority to compel a stricter census of the Catholic population. The figures of the Catholic Directory, an official publication, are based upon the returns made by the pastors of the various parishes and conservative men think that this will hardly change the apparent conditions, as there is no incentive on the part of

the parish priests to minimize the importance of their parochial charges.

The figures concerning Roman Catholic immigration are obtained by adding the number of immigrants from Austria, Belgium, France, Italy, Poland (exclusive of Russian Poland), Portugal, Spain and Ireland. In this rough statement no account is taken of the considerable French-Canadian influx, but a conservative estimate of Roman Catholic Germans is included. The omission of the French-Canadians and the English and Scotch and other Catholic contingents is thought to offset any obvious errors in the totals taken.

It is also suggested that the reason of this astounding condition is the neglect of work in the rural districts, and this assertion gains strength from the fact that 4,000,000 of the 10,000,000 Roman Catholics in the United States reside in the great cities of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Boston and New Orleans.

Whatever the reason, there is no disguising the fact that Dr. Slattery's revelation has stirred the Catholic priesthood as never before. Dr. Slattery is one of the most conservative men in the Church. The simplicity of the statement is its strength; but its issuance from him gives it authority which might not come from another source.

There are rumors that the next meeting of the Board of Archbishops will be the most important since the adjournment of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and will herald the calling of the fourth. This will not immediately remedy the situation, as it will require at least four years to prepare the subjects of discussion. The matter will first have to be referred to the Bishops; these will report their views to a committee of the Archbishops. The latter will report to Rome. The Congregation of the Propaganda and the Congregation of Extraordinary Ec-

clesiastical Affairs will consider this report, and a final schedule of subjects will be prepared. After this it will require the lapse of at least a year before the meeting of the Plenary Council.

Meantime it is said that the country will witness a series of grand Catholic "revivals," and the mission bands of the Church will be increased by the addition of the most eloquent and zealous preachers of the Church.

No Charge for Religious Services.

In the Protestant churches there is no charge for religious services by the pastors. Roman Catholics who have to pay the priests for almost every service, especially baptisms and marriages, are surprised when they learn that ministers of the Gospel do not exact a fee. In Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippine Islands the advent of American civilization was signalized by the announcement that henceforth there should be no charge for any religious service whatever. Under the rule of Spain and the priests the poor people could not afford to pay for marriages and baptisms, with the result that, as Tom Sherman, the Jesuit priest, said, "Our new possessions were Catholic countries without religion." Bishop Blenk said recently that in one day he and his priests performed the marriage ceremony and baptized 650 persons of all ages in Porto Rico. Men and women had been living together for years without any ceremony.

When Bishop McCabe, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was in South America recently, he says in a letter to the *New York Christian Advocate* that an interesting incident occurred while the vessel lay at the wharf at Guayaquil, Ecuador.

"A perfect stranger to me," the Bishop writes, "an Englishman, heard there was a Methodist bishop on board the steamer. He brought his wife and his baby girl and asked me if I would baptize her. I gladly consented. We had a baptismal service in the saloon. The gentleman wished to give me a large fee, but I told him Methodist preachers made no charge for such a service as that. It was part of our duty as pastors of our people. Two priests witnessed the ceremony."

The Roman Catholic priests demand such fees everywhere, and no priest will ever say mass to deliver a soul from purgatory without being paid in advance. If there was a purgatory and if souls were in such a place, and if priests could liberate those souls and send them to heaven, a good man would not cease day and night while his strength held out to say masses and other prayers for their deliverance.

Priests at Christ's Mission.

While at Northfield last month Rev. Dr. C. I. Scofield asked us if a priest who had attended the evangelical meetings in Costa Rica would be received in Christ's Mission and prepared for the gospel ministry. A beloved brother in Texas also asked the same question. In reply we said he would be welcome, and if he gave evidence of conversion and had the gifts necessary for success in winning souls, the way would open for him. In the work of Christ's Mission 75 priests have been received out of the Church of Rome since the first priest, Rev. D. F. McFaul (now a Methodist minister), came to Pastor O'Connor in 1881.

A YEAR IN ST. MARGARET'S CONVENT.

BY P. H. C.

CHAPTER XXII.

"God is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press."

The rich have many friends, but it often happens that the very fear of intruding or offending, leaves them more open to the attacks of designing persons, and sometimes more solitary in seasons of affliction than their poorer and less esteemed neighbors. With some grievous faults, Mrs. Dabney possessed many qualities to endear her to those with whom she associated, and her circle of friends and admirers was large. Many were really grieved at her late change of views on an all important subject, but few felt called upon to expostulate, and those few, it has been seen, met with no success. Visitors had been, for some time, wholly excluded. Mary, engrossed with attendance on her mother, had no time for company; the nurses, the physicians and the priest making the only alterations in her associations. Utterly prostrated Mrs. Dabney continued, suffering and conscious indeed, but rarely speaking, and never complaining. Father Davock continued assiduous in attendance, contenting himself with brief admonitions, which, however, elicited no replies; and the gentle and respectful manner with which he was uniformly treated by Mary, inspiring him, doubtless, with the belief that his interest in her mother had produced a favorable impression, he once more began to speak to her on the subject of the Church. Indignant at the persecution at such a time, she cut him short with such a pointed rebuke, as left no hope of success in a repetition of the attempt.

Mary now learned from the whispering among the women, that the priest, in view of the doubtful recovery of her mother, proposed to forego her public reception into the Church, and to administer to her the sacraments in private, affirming she was entirely prepared for their reception. These were indeed grievous tidings to Mary, for the physicians had not admitted to her that they believed her mother in imminent danger. Every consideration was now merged in concern for her eternal interests: the loving heart and hands that ministered to her necessities could only go with her to the verge of eternity; and if she could believe that her mother had indeed chosen Jesus to be her guide and stay through the dark valley of death, she felt she could resign her to Him in confidence; but Oh, the doubts, the fears those last months had brought! In unutterable anguish she passed the night, watching every motion, and occasionally, as she bent over her, whispering short and simple texts which had given comfort to her own soul, and which she thought that even in her weakness her mother could comprehend. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden;" "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;" "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." The needed words seemed to come almost unbidden to her

lips; and although the slightest pressure of the hand was the only acknowledgement, Mary felt encouraged, grew calm and trustful in her efforts, and determined to send for Dr. Leighton in the morning.

With the morning, Mrs. Dabney was somewhat revived, and before Mary had put her resolution into effect, it was frustrated by the arrival of Father Davock, accompanied by another priest, prepared to administer the sacraments. Mary had no power to interfere, for she had but too much reason to believe that it was her mother's intention to unite herself to the Church of Rome, and with inexpressible grief she determined to be present. The strange priest would have exhorted Mary, but with quiet firmness she imposed silence. Mrs. Dabney had been slightly raised, and as she looked around, Mary gazed on the beautiful face, stamped with an earnestness she had rarely seen there, and her heart beat violently, agitated by contending feelings of hope and fear.

The priests approached to proceed, when Mrs. Dabney made a gesture of dissent. Father Davock endeavored by soothing words to encourage her. "Dear lady, you will find these holy mysteries powerful to the establishment of both soul and body: let us proceed."

"No, no," she whispered, "I cannot—I dare not."

The priest turned to Mary. "Your presence, I think, Miss Dabney, excites and distresses your mother. You will consult her welfare by retiring a short time."

Mrs. Dabney pressed closely the hand which encircled her, murmuring, "Don't leave me."

"I cannot leave my mother, and it is useless to trouble her more. She does not wish to receive the sacraments from you."

"Mrs. Dabney," began Father Davock.

Again came a faint motion of dissent. "Go, leave me!"

Annoyed and irritated, the priests were at a loss how to proceed; but finding, after several ineffectual efforts, that Mrs. Dabney persisted in her objections, they concluded to leave; Father Davock speaking some exhortatory words to her, and casting stern and angry glances at Mary. Bridget and the nurse, who had been silent but indignant witnesses of the scene, withdrew by another door, and the mother and daughter were left alone. Neither spoke. Mrs. Dabney, completely exhausted by the effort she had made, slight as it seemed, needed stimulants to sustain her; and Mary, too happy at the result to break the silence by a word, busied herself in administering such restoratives as were required; ever and anon, out of the fulness of her heart, imprinting a kiss on her mother's brow.

Later in the day, Mrs. Dabney spoke a few words confirming Mary in the belief that she found no comfort in the false dogmas to which she had permitted herself to listen, and that she rested only on the merits and atonement of Christ for salvation. She thought herself very ill, and desired that Dr. Leighton should be sent for. Mary hastily wrote an explanatory note, begging him to come to them immediately, and dispatched it by John with directions to bring the answer to her, for she began to look suspiciously on

the influence and authority that Bridget was assuming in the household. John soon returned with the intelligence that Dr. Leighton was out of town, but was expected in the evening, when he would come without delay. The day waned, and he came not; another night of wakefulness and anxiety passed, although the physicians pronounced the patient better. Her easy breathing and gentle slumber promised well, and the morning found her still improving. She had sunk again into a pleasant sleep, when Mary, hearing a sound in the hall, and anticipating that it was Dr. Leighton, stepped out hastily to meet him. With light and quick step she descended the winding stairs, and found herself suddenly confronting Father Davock, who had stopped to parley with Bridget. Disappointed and vexed at the encounter, she bowed coldly, and stood for an instant irresolute; but perceiving Bridget about to lead the way to her mother's room, she stepped before the reverend intruder.

"It is useless for you to go to my mother again; she does not wish to see you, and will not receive the sacraments from you."

"I must know that from her own lips," answered he, resolutely; "I have responsibilities in spiritual affairs, young lady, which you would do well to respect. I must see Mrs. Dabney herself."

"She is in no condition to see you; it will do no good; it only makes her ill—pray do not persist."

"I am sorry you compel me to be abrupt, but I must see Mrs. Dabney."

Mary stood firmly in the place she had taken.

A ring of the bell startled the group. Quick as thought, Mary sprang to the door, determined to ask assistance from any one who might be there. As she threw it open, Dr. Ruff entered, surveying with surprise the assembled trio, each countenance doubtless exhibiting unusual excitement. Whatever disappointment and chagrin Mary had felt on the occasion of a former appeal to the doctor, she now regarded him only as a deliverer; for she knew he was far too professional to permit anything which could endanger the physical welfare of his patient.

"Mamma seems better, doctor," she said, "and is now asleep; but this gentleman persists in going to her, and I am sure it will excite and injure her."

"My dear friend," said the doctor, turning to the priest, as he extended his hand, "Mrs. Dabney must not be disturbed or excited. I could not answer for the consequences in such a case. She is, I think, better, and will doubtless let you know as soon as she is able to see you."

The priest was, he said, "equally solicitous concerning Mrs. Dabney's condition, and his visit, he felt sure, would rather tranquillize than injure her."

Dr. Ruff, ignorant of what had occurred, felt irritated at his persistency, but promising to see if the patient was able to receive him, proceeded to Mrs. Dabney's room, whither he was preceded by Mary. Awaking from a refreshing sleep, the doctor was gratified at the unexpected progress she was making towards convalescence, and mentioned the priest's desire to see her.

"I cannot see him," she said, "and I desire he shall be admitted to my house no more. Tell him my determination, doctor, if you please, for I be-

lieve he thinks that Mary exercises an undue influence over me. Having tried the husks, I have at last come to myself; and 'I will arise and go to my Father;' it may be that another prodigal will be received."

The doctor was eminently conservative, as well as professional, and delivered the message as courteously as the circumstances permitted. In vain the priest expostulated; he "wished to see Mrs. Dabney for a few minutes only." The doctor was inexorable, and politely invited the reverend gentleman to a seat in his carriage, to insure his departure.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Where is the letter, Mary? Pray read it to me again."

"What letter, mamma?" inquired the daughter, alarmed lest her mother's mind should be wandering.

"The letter I received from brother the day I was taken ill. It must be time for him to come, I think, from what he said."

"I never saw or heard of such a letter before. Where did you put it, mamma?"

"I do not know. My mind is very confused about it, but I know I read it. Pray have it looked for."

After many inquiries and much search, the missing letter was found in the pocket of Mrs. Dabney's dress, where she had unconsciously thrust it, and where it had been safely shielded from prying eyes. Again it was read. Mrs. Dabney could now better bear to hear those words of earnest love, and both she and Mary thought, from the time which had elapsed since it was written, that Mr. Lysle's arrival could not be much longer delayed.

Dr. Leighton was announced soon after, and although Mrs. Dabney could say but little, she felt more comfort in her penitence and sorrow than in all the months of her defection; while the pastor did not fail to ask of God her pardon and thank him for her recovery.

The calculations relative to Mr. Lysle's movements were verified by the actual arrival of that gentleman a few days after. It was difficult for Mary to recognize in the sun-burnt and darkly-bearded stranger, her uncle, the affectionate and indulgent counsellor, to whom she had been used to carry her childish griefs and cares, in full assurance of relief or sympathy. Nor had the years which had so transformed his delicate physiognomy, and restored to it the hue of health, wrought changes less apparent in the niece, passing through the ever varying period of youth.

"Is this really my little Mary?" he asked, as she led him into the library, surveying the tall girl with loving and admiring look, as he strove to trace in the pale, spiritual face, the rosy features he had left; and it required another warm embrace to install the maiden in the child's place in his heart.

It was too early to disturb Mrs. Dabney, and in reply to his anxious inquiries, she briefly recounted the circumstances of her mother's illness, dwelling most on what gave her the greatest happiness, her mother's change of purpose.

"Grace, dear, thoughtless Grace, at a Convent! Had you no good schools here?"

"O yes, Mrs. Hackley's, and several others; but Grace was so anxious to go with Helen Burton, that at length mamma consented, and that was the beginning of all."

"Anna's old failing, I see. I fear she will never learn decision. And Judge Burton, where is he?"

"Out of the city for the last few weeks, I believe."

We pass over the meeting of the brother and sister, so exciting to the latter, that the doctor soon prohibited conversation, and both had to content themselves with the happiness which the bare presence of the beloved yields.

It was not deemed prudent for Mrs. Dabney to see even Dr. Leighton that day, and when he called, Mr. Lysle hastened himself to greet his old friend and pastor. Kindly salutations ended, long and earnest conversation ensued.

"From what I learn," said Mr. Lysle, "I believe my sister has been the victim of a foul conspiracy, arising, it is true, from her own folly: it is, however, only another illustration of the dexterity with which Romish emissaries take advantage of every circumstance to forward the interests of their Church. Looking at the results of the system in its own home, has, I assure you, made me regard it with the more abhorrence. Those who have seen Romanism only when surrounded by Protestantism, have no idea of its real character. They dare not exhibit it here in all its grossness: it is, however, but the more dangerous."

"But people will not believe these things," answered Dr. Leighton; "it is one of the great offences of the cross now, to combat the false and fashionable liberalism which forbids to speak against Romanism; among my own people, I assure you, I find the sentimental fear of intolerance rife. I know, when I testify against the dangerous doctrines of Rome (as being placed to watch for souls, I feel constrained to do), that many will be offended. Demonstration itself will not convince those who will not examine, and they choose to believe it bigoted and uncharitable to question claims put forth with so much boldness."

"It is indeed difficult for Protestants," said Mr. Lysle, "reared in a system of religion which has no concealments, to realize that what in the Romish Church looks like devotion, is too often only superstition and jugglery. Many are accustomed to believe that Rome, if she has some practices which they consider puerile and useless, yet holds the fundamentals of Christianity unmutilated—but here they err."

At this moment Judge Burton was announced. He had but just returned to the city, and called, not having heard of the arrival of Mr. Lysle. Friends from childhood, different though they were in character, they were mutually attached, and their meeting was cordial. Mr. Lysle was fully aware that it was Judge Burton's influence and example which had caused all the mischief that had been enacted in his family; but he was not one to worry over what could not be helped, and seldom failed to elicit the good that might be drawn

from any source. When personal and family inquiries were made, he resumed the conversation which had been interrupted.

"Dr. Leighton and I were speaking of Romanism."

"Oh, that is a subject on which you and I disagree, unless, indeed, you have changed your opinions since you have been in Rome."

"Be assured," answered his friend, "that Rome is the last place to make converts to its faith: as exhibited there, it can only excite pity and disgust in the mind of a reflecting person, and those who there unite themselves to her communion are generally such as have surrendered their faith and judgment before visiting her."

"I have never been in Rome," answered the Judge, "but Protestant as I am, there are some things in the Roman Church which commend it to my admiration."

"May I ask, what are those admirable points?"

"I do not expect to gain much," he answered, laughing, "by stating my points to you, but really I think celibacy of the clergy, the confessional, and uniformity of language in their liturgy, give that Church some advantages over Protestantism."

Mr. Lysle smiled.

"My dear Burton, some Jesuit has, I think, been tutoring you: add the doctrine of the real presence, and you have the four wheels upon which the system moves—the wheels upon which Rome has overridden the nations for a thousand years. All are indeed necessary to support her pretensions, and each is expressly forbidden or discountenanced by Holy Scripture."

"Celibacy, they contend," rejoined the advocate, "in freeing them from domestic cares, enables their priests to devote themselves more exclusively to the duties of religion."

"But does celibacy promote holiness? The history of their Church answers, emphatically, No! The heart sickens and turns with loathing from the perusal of many of what they term 'theological works,' in which licentiousness in the clergy and other religious orders is deliberately allowed, provided for, and assessed. If you desire proof of this, read St. Alphonso Liguori's 'Moral Theology,' or the 'Universal Moral Theology of Antony Escobar,' or 'Dens' Theology,' or almost any other of their moral theologians."

"St. Paul says," added Dr. Leighton, "'bishops must be the husband of one wife;' and again, 'Let the deacons be the husband of one wife.' He says also, 'In the latter times some shall depart from the faith . . . forbidding to marry.' Does not the course of Rome on this, as well as other points, mark her as the great Anti-christ, predicted?"

Judge Burton was silent.

"And what can you say for the confessional?" asked Mr. Lysle.

"You give me little encouragement to hope that my reasons for thinking well of confession will find favor in your sight; however, you shall have them. It would seem a peculiar consolation to be able to open one's heart to a representative of God, to receive the advice and sympathy of a friend and

father, and to hear the beautiful words of absolution, *Ego te absolvo.*"

"But", asked the pastor, "is it not a far greater consolation to open the heart to God himself, who alone is able to forgive sin, and being penitent, to take *His word* that you are forgiven? Suppose you are not penitent—do you think the priest's absolution can do you any good? Will it justify you before God?"

"Certainly not."

"And if you, in faith and penitence, confess your sins to God, can He not, and will He not forgive, though the priest should withhold his absolution?"

"Certainly."

"Then the priest can add nothing. He can neither withhold God's pardon from the penitent, nor secure remission for the impenitent.

"It would seem so," said Judge Burton.

"Tell us now, Burton, how you justify the worship of God in an unknown tongue?"

"Not being one of them, I cannot speak from experience, but I will tell you what a priest said to me of this custom. That it was most consoling to Catholics to hear, wherever they went, the same language used in the Divine service as in their native country; and it also enables their priests to minister everywhere."*

"If the people are not edified (as they cannot be, when the worship is in an unknown tongue), what good results from this ability to minister?"

"But often, you know," said the Judge, "their liturgies are written in the vernacular as well as the Latin language, so that the unlearned can join in the service."

"The bulk of their people," said Dr. Leighton, "are ignorant of reading, and so the service in an unknown tongue is quite unintelligible to them; and St. Paul says, 'In the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my *voice* I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue;' and again, 'If there be no interpreter, let him keep silence in the church and speak to himself and to God.'"

"These are, after all," said Judge Burton, "but practices in the Church of Rome, and not a part of her creed: in the great doctrines of the Church, I believe she is sound."

"Pardon me; confession, or penance, as they call it, is held by her, as a sacrament *necessary to salvation*. The Catechism of the Council of Trent says: 'To it (penance) in so special a manner belongs the efficacy of blotting out sins, that *without penance*, we cannot by any means obtain, or *even hope for* remission of sins.' And if you will examine that authoritative exponent of the Romish faith, you will find it as unsound on the other fundamental doctrines of Christianity as it is in teaching penance to be a sacrament."

"I confess myself not able to defend the theology of the Church of Rome," answered the Judge, "which may not be sound, but she certainly exhibits herself to us Protestants in an admirable point of view in her charities and in her institutions of learning."

Dr. Leighton sighed.

(To be continued.)

* Weninger.

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Religious Troubles in Europe.

That is the heading of the dispatches to the daily papers from Paris, Venice, Madrid and other centers of Roman Catholic life and activity. While the United States Government humbly entreats the Pope to accept millions of dollars for the removal of a few hundred monks in Manila, the French Government in one day expelled 3,000 monks and nuns from the monasteries and convents, and closed all the schools conducted by them.

Signs of the Times.

In the editorial page of the *New York Tribune*, July 20, 1902, we find the following item:

Unfortunate Guayaquil, in Ecuador, has been almost destroyed by fire, with a loss of millions of dollars. The light, inflammable buildings were constructed chiefly with the dread of ruin by earthquakes, and burned like tinder. This generation is afflicted by direful calamities in many parts of the globe to an extent almost unknown for centuries.

In the same paper and in all the dailies were the following items:

Fifteen earthquake shocks were felt in the northern part of Santa Barbara county, Cal., on Sunday night and caused widespread damage. Large fissures were opened in the oil-fields, and water is pouring from many openings in the earth hitherto dry. The district affected extended from Lompoc to Santa Maria. At Los Alamos adobe buildings were razed to the ground, while in the business places windows were broken and goods on the shelves thrown on the floor.

Nebraska experienced the first earthquake in the history of the State yesterday afternoon, when a vibration swept over a stretch 200 miles square, comprising northern Nebraska, North and South Dakota, and northeastern Iowa. The center of the disturbance was near Norfolk, Neb., but Tilden felt the hardest shock.

Surely the signs of the times indicate that the day of the Lord is not far distant. As we read in Joel, these events shall occur "before the great and terrible day of the Lord come." But though "the day of the Lord is great and very terrible, and who can abide it?" we have the promise of our God:

"Therefore also now saith the Lord, turn ye to Me with all your heart, and rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God: for He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness. . . . And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be delivered."

Good Books.

The publications of Mr. Charles C. Cook, of the American Tract Society Building, 150 Nassau street, can be used by our readers with the certainty that they will do him good.

Mr. D. T. Bass, 24 West Twenty-second street, also supplies the best evangelical literature in every department. His catalogue of prophetic works is excellent. Write to him for it.

Three books recently published in England, and previously noticed in this magazine, continue to attract attention. They are:

McCarthy's "Five Years in Ireland," price, \$2.00.

McCarthy's "Priests and People in Ireland," price, \$2.00.

Frank Hugh O'Donnell's "Ruin of Education in Ireland," price, \$1.50.

For the convenience of our subscribers we shall continue to receive orders for those books. They are written by Catholic Irishmen who wish to deliver their people from the rule and ruin of the Roman Catholic Church and the Jesuits. Both writers are scholars, and their books are inspiring reading. There is hope for Roman Catholics when such men can write such able works.